

# Yung Bleu, We All We Got

I prayed to God that I would make it to the top  
A young street nigga tryna make it off the block  
I told my niggas yeah, we all we got  
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We all we got, we all we got, we all we got, we all we got  
We all we got, we all we got, we all we got, we all we got

Been in the streets all my life  
Business beef all my life  
I'ma ride if you wrong or right  
Pussy niggas gon' be gone tonight  
I ain't saw you in a minute  
Wishing you was here to see how shit changed  
I was young, blowing money fast  
It was gone as quick as it came  
I know when you fucked up  
When you're stressed out, I be feeling your pain  
I'm probably feeling the same  
We just some young niggas about money  
Ain't never shitted on nobody  
I do the crime, I do the time  
I ain't finna pin it on nobody, hey  
My nigga, my shooter, I know he'll do you  
He carry that Ruger, he carry that Ruger  
My niggas like to rob, I had to tell my lil nigga chill  
Fuck around catch a charge  
You gon' be gone for about a hundred years

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I'm clutching on iron all through the city  
The shit that I'm rapping, I'm really living  
Ain't even been to the hood in a minute  
These niggas start hating, they want to kill me  
Fake love, fuck around and get wet up  
Head on my shoulder, won't go for the setup  
My foot on the pedal, fuck no I won't let up  
Claiming he real, I told him to shut up  
I need some real friends and not them fake ones  
Niggas they changed, supposed to be my day ones  
Fuck repping the hood, I'm repping the state  
I got a lot on my plate  
Go to sleep with a K and don't ever need play  
My lil nigga got shot in his face  
These lil niggas gon' take your plate if you don't eat  
Young niggas tied to the streets  
My lil nigga died in these streets  
Yeah, yeah

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I just saw my niggas get arrested  
I know he was loyal and respected  
Told him cool it down, he neglected

Now he at Department of Corrections  
Visitation, peeping his expressions  
Nigga told me that he learned his lesson  
Missing from his kids, he depressed  
Mama stressing, praying for a blessing  
You know I got love for your struggle  
Even though you keep it on the under  
Fuck that nigga, take that nigga under  
Shit talking, hit him with a plunger  
I just hit a lick for some jiggas  
We gon' split it right down the middle  
I don't even gotta pay a hitter  
That shit just a hobby to my nigga  
I ain't ever hiding from you niggas  
Turn into Bin Ladin on you nigga  
I know you been plottin' on me, scheming  
Followed your baby mama to the cleaners  
I know where you live, where you sleep at  
Send my nigga right to where you eat at  
Cool it down, you don't want to see that  
Cool it down, you don't want to see that  
Young nigga, yeah yeah